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Had Fate but Cast.

Had fate but cast thy lot on earth
In some low vale like mine,
I would have clung unto this side
Like ivy to a vine;
But now, alas! our fortunes are
Too wide apart for me;
I can but cherish in my heart
Grief's bitter tears for thee.
The pang which on my heart now prey,
No human soul shall know;
No mornings shall e'er reveal
My hopelessness of woe;
Nor shall on sigh of mine through life,
My utter misery tell.
While I know 'twould wound the heart
Of one I love so well.

The Drop of Water.

BY N. B. ANDERSON.

The drop of water like to-day
Sparkles on the diamond's face,
To-morrow will have fled away,
In rural mist the rose to grace.

To-day it beautifies the pearls
Which stud the ocean's bed—
To-morrow, furiously is hurled,
In fleecy snow-flakes sped.

To-day it glistens on the rose,
Like to us on beauty's cheek—
To-morrow, and the thunder's roar,
A distant land doth seek.

To-day, resolved to azure cloud,
Again, to-morrow, dew,
To-day, to flowers its freshness lends,
To-morrow, death bestows!

A drop of water—O, how small
The seeming worthless thing—
Yet, drop by drop, combined, withal,
Hence mighty oceans spring.

RISEING BY A FALL.—How a blacksmith became a Baron.—It seems that our "aristocracy" does not comprise all the "mushroom nobility" of the world, and that Parisian upper-tendon sometimes holds a "big bug," whose genealogy will not bear the scrutiny of the *arbitrarius*. A certain Baron G—, from Prussia, has been creating a sensation in the French capital, lately, by the splendor of his "turn-out" and the herculean beauty of his countenance; nor does the knowledge of his having graduated in a blacksmith's shop at all affect the sensitive minds of Parisian *elites*, who pester him with excessive courtesy. Beyond all doubt, the Baron was indeed a *forger*, and arose to his present eminence by one of the freaks which fortune delights to play on certain lucky bores, and puzzle hereditary greatness with. While the present Prince of Prussia and husband of Victoria's daughter was a boy of three years, and was staying at the palace of Babelsburg, his negligent lady-nurse left him in a third-story apartment alone. Like all other youngsters of his age, the heir to the throne was a very mischievous lad, and could in perilous his neck while performing some daring feat. On this occasion he proposed to walk upon a narrow ledge of stone-work outside of the window, and gain the back of the frontpiece that adorns the palace. He stepped through the sash, and had commenced his dangerous walk, when a poor young blacksmith, who had been repairing some iron work about the building, beheld him. The honest son of Vulcan was paralyzed with fright for a moment, but soon recovered his presence of mind, and hastened noiselessly to the walk beneath the window, extending wide his leather apron and watching the movements of the royal boy with the keenest anxiety. The prince got along very well, until he reached a narrow portion of the ledge, when he turned giddy, and with a loud scream, fell into—the blacksmith's stout apron. He did not receive so much as a scratch, and the poor artisan restored him all unharmed to the arms of his royal parents. The gratitude of kings is not generally to be depended on, but in this case, it lifted a poor workman to a position of wealth and trust. The poor workman received a handsome pension, with the title of Baron, and is said to bear his honors with all the dignity of a baronet, "native and to the manor born." Thus we see how humblest births with honors rhyme in the sweet poetry of time.

TO CURE A FELON.—When you fear a felon is coming, put a pint of boiling water on the stove; then add to that a teaspoonful of salaratus and a wingless of vinegar; heat this every little while, say from half an hour to an hour, and hold your finger in it till the pain subsides; repeat this till you see the matter all drawn to one place; then have it opened, and your finger will heal. A doctor ought to open it if possible, as the skin is always thickened over a felon. They have been cured in twenty-four hours with this.

AN ACTOR'S EARNINGS.—John Povey writes to the London *Era* that "Charles Mathews has earned twenty-nine thousand five hundred and twenty dollars since he has been in this country."

The Five Shilling Note.

BY A. W. MACKAY.

Only one year had passed since Abel Buell and Anna West had become a married pair.—The boy-husband was barely twenty, when the year expired; but however strenuous were the Blue Laws of Connecticut in other points, they did not forbid the marriages of mere children—and Abel and his wife were little more than children.

But if children in years, they were both mature in intellect, sharp and ingenious, and well calculated to work their way through the world. The town of Killingworth still holds their descendants, and they are among the worthiest and best of the sons and daughters of old Connecticut.

An old, half-dilapidated house was the home of the youthful pair; but they were looking forward to the time when they should build a pleasant little cottage, and meantime they made themselves quite happy in their shabby and time-stained room, that creaked woefully even under Anna's light step.

A gentle, pretty creature was the young wife, modest and quiet enough, usually, but with a world of ambition and enterprise in her heart. Gentle as she was, she often spurred Abel to some new thought or purpose, and more than once he would have desponded, in the first year of their marriage, had she not helped him both to plan and to execute. A small farm supplied the wants of their table; a bit of woodland gave them sufficient fuel; and out of Abel's ingenious capabilities all other wants were to find their realization.

In a long-dilapidated chamber at the back of their old tumble-down house, Abel had collected a variety of odd tools, gravers, saws, files and a thousand other things with which he was constantly at work in his leisure hours—sometimes making little knick-knacks, which Anna would lay away to adorn that pleasant cottage in Cloud land, which was ever before her eyes, and sometimes exercising his really fine mechanical powers upon some invention or other, by which he hoped some day to grow rich and prosperous.

"Come down, Abel! You shall not stay any longer in that old cell to-night!" called out Anna's cheerful voice, as she stood at the bottom of the staircase. "Come and read to me, while I work."

"One moment longer, Anna; I am trying an experiment. Come and stay with me till I get through."

But the little wife scolded and refused—declaring that she would go home to her father, if he did not stay with her mother. Abel laughed, as he heard her harmless invectives, and thought how quickly he could press an apology, and seal his pardon, too, upon the pouting lips. It took him longer than he thought; and Anna, who could bear the loneliness no longer, went up stairs.

"That is right, love; now sit down opposite me, and look at what I have done. If I was inclined to do wrong, love, I could easily make a fortune. But, thank Heaven! I have no disposition."

He held out what had been originally a five shilling note, such as was then used in the colonies, but which he had altered to a five pound note so ingeniously, that no one could have detected it save by the strictest scrutiny.

"Abel, what are you going to do with this?" she asked, with a half-distrustful look, as he explained the process of alteration.

"Build a palace, and dress you in gold!" said he, laughing. "Ah, Anna, if it were only right to do this! But it is not; and I shall burn this, or perhaps alter it back again. A palace bed would be filled with thorns, if I got it through dishonesty. But Anna, my love, what do you see?"

And well he might ask, for the poor wife's face was blanched to the whiteness of death, and her eyes, fixed on the window opposite her, were distended and wild, as she gazed.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, again.

Anna answered him slowly, and with great effort, speaking through her closed teeth, as if she feared some one would overhear her.

"There is a face—a man's face at the window. Do not look round. Some one, I am sure, who intends an injury, has climbed up to that high window behind you."

"Let us go down, then," said Abel. "We will invite him in, and disarm him if he is an enemy. But, Heaven bless my little goose of a wife!—what enemies could she or I have?"

And the light hearted boy, thinking she was deceived, drew her tenderly down stairs, brightened up the smouldering fire, and brought up from the cellar a pile of apples and a pitcher of cider, setting them on the ample hearth to warm. Anna recovered her spirits, allowed that she might have been mistaken, and the rest of the evening passed off very pleasantly.

Early next morning, Anna was surprised to see two or three men coming up to the house; and still more, on their nearer approach, to recognize the sheriff of Killingworth.

She called hastily to Abel, who was busy with some out-door work, and he came in, wondering, even more than herself, what business brought Mr. Smith to his house. He did not wait long, for as soon as he came into the room, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was arrested, in the king's name.

"What have I done?" ejaculated the surprised prisoner. "Surely, I may know for what I am arrested?"

"Certainly, Mr. Buell. You have been accused to the king's attorney, Governor Griswold, of having been detected in counterfeiting money, and you are taken at this time to answer to the charge."

A mortal paleness now seemed to overspread Abel's face. In a moment he thought of the five shilling note, the face at the window, and the hideous punishment that might be his. Poor Anna had mercifully fainted at the first sentence uttered by the sheriff, and she still lay in unconsciousness.

"Do not waken her!" he said to the officer who had stooped to raise her up. "Better that she should die, than wake to see me disgraced!" And the proud boy wept great tears at the ignominy which he felt in his heart of hearts.

He was taken before the king's attorney, Governor Matthew Griswold, tried and found guilty, by witness, of having altered notes to a large amount. The man who saw him, had climbed to the window from curiosity to see what he would be doing in that lonely chamber, every night—his wonder prompting him to bring a ladder, that he might ascertain the truth. He deposed that he had seen the note altered in the hands of Abel, and that when he took it up, it was but a shilling note.

Conscious of his innocence, Abel made a manly and spirited defence of himself, but to no purpose. The stern Puritan judge would not bend an inch—that is, he would not appear to bend. Once off the bench, he was as affable as possible, and really intended to do the best he could for young Buell, having been a friend of his father.

The case, however, was fully proved. The punishment awarded consisted of imprisonment, cropping and branding! All and each of these were to be administered at once. Buell's stout heart quailed at the sentence, for Anna's sake. Would she ever love him again?—a disgraced, mutilated prisoner, branded with his crime upon the forehead? His every thought was a concentrated agony.

He was in the judge's own room, adjoining the court-room, for so the humane man would it, rather than that the son of his old friend, Stephen Buell, should be seen by the rude crew in the prison. The door suddenly opened, and Anna was in his arms, showering tears and kisses on his pale, stern face. He could not bear this. He felt his own degradation and hers, in being thus marked out for a criminal. Even the knowledge that he intended to harm no one by his unfortunate act, scarcely softened the pang.

He begged her to go home, and not to subject herself to the sneers that would follow her as the wife of a counterfeiter.

"No!" she exclaimed; "there is my place, and all the sneers of the world shall not drive me from you."

"You must not be near me when I suffer the punishment, Anna. Not that I fear it for myself, but you would suffer more for it."

"My poor Abel! what will they do to you?"

"What you must not see. Hark! they are coming now!"

The officers approached him, and very gently pushed his wife away from his side.

"I will not go!" she cried. "Cruel, savage men, you shall not do this!" as her eye caught the sharp instrument and the hot iron at once.

"Nay, Anna, stay by me if you will, and hold my hand. It will soon be over, and you must be calm, or I shall suffer doubly."

She clung to his hand, and averted her eyes. Not a nerve of the brave lord-lieutenant quivered, as the sharp knife cut through the tip of his ear. The judge had ordered them to lay the severed piece upon his tongue, to keep it warm, and put it instantly back, as soon as the blood ceased to flow rapidly. It was done, and united to the ear by a small plaster.

Now came the branding upon the forehead. "Lightly, and as far up as possible," the judge had said; and this part of the punishment was scarcely felt, the iron being just placed on the skin and held there until the prisoner had uttered the words—"God save the king!"

Abel was wondering at Anna's calmness; but as soon as he could look down upon her, he saw that she had fainted.

"So much for letting women in!" growled the surly old fellow; but it was observed that he wiped his eyes upon the sleeve of his coat, when he carried out the poor young creature into the open air.

Abel was at first imprisoned in Norwich, but subsequently was carried back to Killingworth. Anna followed him, establishing herself near him, where she could spend most of her time with him; and by the interference of the judge, this was allowed.

She brought instruments to the prison, by which he constructed a lapidary machine, in which he fashioned a large and very beautiful stone. Anna got it set as a ring, by Abel's request, and large enough to fit his own finger.

"What will you do with it?" she asked, smiling, as the glittering thing lay before them—scarcely a meet ornament for a prisoner.

"You will know by-and-by, dear," was his only answer; and the little wife, grown weaker and thinner by misfortune, did not press the matter, but sat down to her work as placidly as if the prison had been a palace.

Not so Abel. His proud spirit chafed constantly to be free. Here were his best days, the golden prime of his years, passing away in a prison for an imaginary crime, and the contemptible spy upon his privacy revelling in freedom! It seemed too, that his friends, if he had any, had forgotten him; for no one came to see him. Even his father's friend, Judge Griswold, who had been very kind, as he had heard, and could not be supposed to remember the poor prisoner. Abel was growing hard towards the world.

His painful reverie was broken by the entrance of his wife, with a newspaper in her hand.—This was always a welcome treat, and never more so than now; for the first words he read were the announcement that Judge Griswold was elected Governor of Connecticut.

"Now, Anna, dear wife, you shall have this ring. I intended it for the governor, but little thought you to be to fill that office. I entrust it to you. If the new governor thinks that an innocent man, who can be of use in the world, had better stay here in prison, I will not dispute him; but I do believe that Matthew Griswold, now that he has the power to serve the son of his old friend, will not spare the petition of my wife. Go and ask him, Anna—and trust me, he will not refuse you."

And she did go; and she won the pardon for Abel by her own eloquence alone—cunningly reserving the ring as a dernier resort, if her woman's tongue should fail. Then she gracefully urged him to wear it in remembrance of two grateful souls, who, on the distant shore, to which they should now emigrate, would pray for his prosperity and happiness.

In a foreign land, far from the scene of his mortification, Abel Buell earned a name among the best class of artisans as a lapidary of no small merit. No one knew why he wore the long hair, which hung so inconveniently over his face, and shaded forehead and cheek so deeply; nor did he ever betray that his youth was passed in America. Even when the thunders of the Revolution came booming over the sea, until they were echoed on other shores, he could not resolve to breathe the air which had once oppressed him, so deep and lasting was his sense of the injuries he had sustained.

But when children gathered around them, Anna Buell yearned so lovingly for her native vales, that he could not refuse to go with her and them, to taste once more of New England's hospitality. To his surprise, no one appeared to remember his disgrace; and he began to think that he had thrown away a great deal of unnecessary sensitiveness upon what was so soon forgotten. His midnight spy was no longer in existence. As we stated, his descendants still claim Connecticut as their home.—*Flag of our Union.*

A SERMON.—Preached at Magnolia Church, taken down in short hand by Fragoletta: BLESSINGS AND SISTERS.—As I will take dinner with some of you, I will state in the outset that nothing isn't too good for me to eat; and when you find my text you will find it in those words—"And there shall be *whaling* and *smashing* of teeth."

There some old good brethren on my right that has a new town in der mows, and there's some good old sisters on my left that feel "all right on the goose!"—ah!

But—ah, you sinful boys over there, who're now chewing rotten tobacco, when you go down to Makin or Kurlumbs, beware that you isn't taken in by the woman with seven heads and ten horns. "For there shall be *whaling* and *smashing* of teeth."

Those beging Methodists remind me of a good old widder woman that lived down in "Catur county, that had an agreeable hen—ah—Well, this ole, blue, long-legged Shang-high hen laid from twelve to a dozen eggs, and laid from day to day, and finally went to setting—ah. She *sit* and *set* and *sat*, and the Lord knows if she'd any longer the chicken leg would have e't her clean up—ah. She hatched off her little brood, as it were, and the ole lady fed them high on dough—ah. In those days—as the Scriptures say—a forked tail hawk came sailing along, as it were—ah, and this poor ole sister was left to weep and sigh—ah. "And there shall be *whaling* and *smashing* of teeth."

The Methodists will have a *distracted* meeting, as it were—ah. And there they'll take them in one by one—ah, and day by day, until they get them all—ah. P'raps they'll take in the whole settlement on what they call probation—ah. They'll shout and sing, preach, pray and beg—ah. Before the six months are out the devil will come along like a roaring lion—ah, and took them off one by one, down, down to hell, like the hawk did the old woman's chickens—ah. "And there shall be *whaling* and *smashing* of teeth."

Pass the hat, brother Ev'rett.

Tune—pitch—to my riny marocassalem.

It is astonishing how "tiddy" promotes independence. A Philadelphia old "brick" lying a short time since in the gutter in a very spiritual manner, was advised in a friendly way to economize, as "dollar was going up." "Let it go up," said old bottle nose, "I kin git as 'high' as flour kin—any day."

A corpulent clergyman rose at a public dinner to return thanks, which he did by laying his hands on his stomach, and saying: "We thank thee for thy blessings spread, and for our capacity to enjoy them."

The Rescue.

BY SAIDRIFT.

Charles G. Leland, the genial and accomplished editor of Graham's Magazine, has very justly remarked, that romancers there is plenty, who get up any amount of romantic love stories, spiced with thrilling incident made to order, in which fictitious Isabels, Angelas, Lorenzos, Hermans, and Fernandos figure as heroes and heroines; and Mr. Leland also sensibly recommends the writing of real scenes and incidents, true to life and nature, in place of this sentimental, loose-and-be-watched material so profusely served up to the public.

We most heartily concur with Mr. Leland, and stoutly maintain that in every locality and all about, there is ample material and of excellent quality, too, which, properly handled, becomes superior to the invented and far-imported article. An observant eye cannot fail to gather from real life a stock in trade, which, judiciously wrought, will always prove more acceptable to the public, and creditable to himself, than manufactured, improbable romance can possibly be.

We are willing to present to the public our "Rescue" without the gloss of romance, or a particle of dressing up beyond the truth, only regretting that some other, abler than myself, should not ere this have been found to tell the story in a manner worthy of its merit.

A steamer crowded with human beings, swung off from her moorings at the head of the basin in Baltimore, and moved majestically along down the harbor, bearing upon her decks hundreds of happy, light-hearted men and women, young maidens and boys, and bright-eyed, laughing children, all jubilant and looking forward to a day of unalloyed pleasure. It was one of the many health-imparting excursions down the Chesapeake Bay during the excessive hot weather.

When the steamer had threaded her way along down the harbor, out from among the many craft anchored in or near the channel, the upper deck was arranged as a dancing floor, and music struck up a brilliant air, the dancers took their places, and buoyant feet kept time to inspiring music. People on the lower deck were enjoying themselves in various ways; groups were gathered on the fore-castle and at the guards, discussing various topics, and commenting upon the varied changing scenery, and all very happy.

Suddenly there was a wild cry of alarm from the stern of the steamer, caught up and repeated everywhere, amidship, forward, on the promenade and main decks, a confused outcry of men, mingling with cries of children, and shrieks of frightened females. In a few moments the confused cries assumed a definite form, and then a wild howling rush was made towards the stern of the steamer. "A man overboard!" was now the agonizing cry from all parts of the boat.

A man overboard! To fully appreciate the extent of horror conveyed in those few words, one must hear them abruptly screamed forth from a ship's deck at sea on some dark, tempestuous night. The sudden announcement that the ship is sinking or drifting helplessly in upon an iron-bound coast, does not strike half the chill to the stout heart of the sailor, that the dreadful cry of a man overboard does.

On board the steamer, when the gay revel was at its height, a man leading a beautiful little girl by the hand, withdrew from the crowd, and entered one of the boats swinging at the davits. The boats were merely hoisted up, without being steadied by a crane or guin-tal; the man headlessly stepped to one side; as quick as thought the boat started over, and the next instant man and child were struggling in the water. All was instant confusion and dismay, and but for the ready presence of mind and generous daring of one brave heart, neither of the unfortunate beings would have been saved.

At the first cry of a man overboard, one of the dancers, a Baltimore mechanic named John Hartley, rushed aft, flinging to the right and left all who impeded his progress, until he gained the stern of the boat, and then without a moment's hesitation leaped boldly down into the seething water in the steamer's wake. One quick glance before he leaped overboard, showed Hartley the child floating astern, buoyed up by her clothing, while the man, less than half the distance astern, was swimming somewhat unskillfully after the steamer.

Hartley struck out bravely for the child, giving a word of encouragement to the man as he passed him, and arrived at the girl at the moment she was sinking. With most admirable presence of mind, he sustained the struggling child with one hand while with the other he took the cravat from about her neck, tied the girl's hands fast with it, and then securing her to his person in a manner that left him the free use of his arms, he struck out for the steamer.

The child's father had sunk, but Hartley saw the steamer's boat in the water, and coming dashing on to the rescue. Propelled by sturdy arms, the boat was sent through the water with a speed scarcely less than that of the swift albatross, while her crew intent upon gaining the gallant fellow and his senseless charge, stayed not to reason, paused not to calculate, but bending to their tough ash blades, sent the boat hissing through the water, heading directly head on to those they were hastening to succor.

Hartley saw them come on, and knew that in their wild excitement, they would, unless he could arrest their headlong course, pass over, probably stun him by the collision, and the consequence would be that he would instantly sink, and both himself and the child would then be drowned. In vain he shouted, yelling with all might to the careless rowers, to lay on their oars and wait for him to swim to them. On they came, neither hearing nor heeding anything. The sharp chamfered stem of the boat struck Hartley on the head, with a force that but for the interposition of his arm, which he thrust up at the moment of contact, he would beyond doubt have been so severely injured that had he not sunk on the instant, his life would have been endangered from the violence of the blow. As it was, the boat passed entirely over him, and he passed astern partially stunned, and crippled and bleeding. Still he held up his senseless burthen, and right gallantly he battled against what seemed certain death. The battle was successful too, for again the boat approached, this time more cautiously, and he was drawn on board very nearly exhausted.

The father perished, but the child was saved by the promptness and daring of one brave man, who sought no praise for the deed, and who, within an hour thereafter, was enjoying himself among the excursionists as well as his wounded head and bruised arm would admit.—*Baltimore Dispatch.*

Pop's Bear Hunt.

"Boys," said "Old Pop," one cold winter evening, to a lot of us who were sitting round the only tavern store that our village can boast of, "boys, did you ever hear tell of the big bar I shot down to Port Benell?" A pause ensued. The boys had been telling tough yarns all the evening, and they imagined they had been "stuffing" Old Pop; but mark the sequel.

"No," said one of our most prominent jokers, "we never did. Let us have it, 'let us have it,' chimed in several others; and Pop began.

"Wal," said he, "Port Benell lies back of Lorry, and I lived there forty odd years ago, and hunted a little for the fun of it, and not for the profit.

"Wal, an awful big bar stayed in those parts, and I had seen him often enough to know he was bigger than anything I had ever killed afore. He would take a yearling calf, or a sheep, and walk off with him, as easy as you, Judge, could take a parcel from the store to a lady's carriage.

"Wal, to cut short, one night I was getting ready to go to bed—I had been hunting all day, and felt pretty tuckered, I tell you—when all at once I heard something push against the door.

"I jumped up, and sez I, 'who's there?'

"It's me," said a small voice, that I knew belonged to Beattie, a little chap what I had a choring round the house.

"Wal, I let him in; and sez I, 'what's up.'—Sez he, 'the big bar is out in the pasture; come and shoot him!'

"Wal, I drew on my boots and coat, and started. I had a first-rate little snb, and she n'r half full. I sent Beattie up the road with a lantern; so if we found the bar, he could shine the lantern on him, and I could see to shoot the varmint. Wal, I got to the pasture, and I got onto the top of a laying tree, and I had no quicker done so, when I felt the tree shake. The old bar war on 'tuber end, and he commenced snapping his jaws as regular as Miek here snaps his hammer on his anvil, and made more as much noise too.

"Wal, I sung out to the boy to hurry with the light, so I could see to shoot. He started on a run, and dropped the lantern, and out it went.

"Wal, I cursed his recklessness some; but as there war no help for it, I took sight in the dark. I thought I could hit him, as I guessed by the noise he made whar he war.

"Wal, I took sight and pulled, and as luck would have it, I put the ball right through his heart; and he fell as even balanced on that log as a saddle on a horse.

"Wal, the nabors came, and ten or twelve of them got him onto a wagon, and took him to the mill to weigh him, and what do you suppose he weighed?

"Wal, after a pause, during which there was some guessing going on—he weighed just one ton and a half; and his head would not go in at the mill-door, so we had to bring the scales out."

A shower of hats and offers to treat, proclaimed that Pop had done his 'dooty,' and told the toughest yarn of the evening.—*Porter's Spirit.*

A GOOD HIT.—A Philadelphia paper gives us the following: That inevitable wag John Brougham has been at it again. This time at the expense of Coroner Connerly, of famous Bordell memory. John and a "party" were smiling at Delmonico's a short time since, when Connerly dropped in like a very bent on a smile. John asked him up, Connerly wanted "somethin' mild," and called for a chert punch. "Good man!" exclaimed Brougham with a tragic start, "a coroner drink claret."

"Certainly, why not?" said old Connerly, slightly astonished at John's demonstrations.

"Why, man it's an absurd drink for a coroner it's got no body in it."

It was a fair hit for Connerly who is notorious for making the most he can out of every body he "sits on."

Cap May County, N. J., has not a lawyer residing within its limits.

Sleeping with the Landlord's Wife.

A friend in Stockbridge, Mass., sends us the following anecdote of the Rev. Zeb Twitchell, a Methodist clergyman in full and regular standing, and a member of the Vermont Legislature:

At one time he represented Stockbridge in the State Legislature. Zeb, says our informant, is a man of fair talents, both as a preacher and a musician. In the pulpit he is grave, solemn, dignified; a thorough systematic sermonizer; but out of the pulpit there is no man living who is more full of fun and drollery. On one occasion he was wending his way toward the seat of the Annual Conference of ministers, in company with another clergyman. Passing a country inn, he remarked to his companion:

"The last time I passed that tavern, I slept with the landlord's wife."

In utter amazement his clerical friend wanted to know what he meant.

"I mean just what I say," replied Zeb, and on went the two travellers in unbroken silence, until they reached the conference. In the early part of the session, the conference sat with the doors closed for the purpose of transacting some private business, and especially to attend to the annual examination of each member's private character, or rather conduct, during the past year. For this purpose the clerk called the roll, as was the custom, and in due time Zeb's name was called.

"Does any one know aught against the conduct of brother Twitchell during the past year?" asked the bishop, who was the presiding officer.

After a moment's silence, Zeb's travelling companion arose up, and with a heavy heart and grave countenance, said he felt he had a duty to perform one that he owed to God, to the church, and to himself. He must therefore discharge it fearlessly, though with trembling. He then related what Zeb had told him while passing the tavern, how he slept with the landlord's wife, etc.

The grave body of ministers was struck as by a thunderbolt; although a few smiled, and looked first at Zeb, then upon the bishop, knowing for they knew better than the others the character of the accused.

The bishop called upon brother T. and asked him what he had to say in relation to so serious a charge. Zeb arose and said:

"I did the deed! I never lie!"

Then pausing with awful seriousness, he proceeded with slow and solemn deliberation:

"There was one little circumstance, however, connected with the affair, I did not name to the brother. It may not have much weight with the conference, but although it may be deemed of trifling importance, I will state it. When I slept with the landlord's wife, as I told the brother, I kept the tavern myself!"

The long and troubled countenance relaxed; a titter followed, and the next name on the roll was called.

A DEAD MAN IN CHASE OF LIVE ONES.—The following unheard of occurrences are related and vouched for in a late number of

The Fireman's Journal

AND MILITARY GAZETTE.

MARCUS D. BORUCK, Editor

SAN FRANCISCO
SATURDAY, Nov. 13, 1858.

Proposals

Will be received, until December 1st, at the office of Henry A. Cobb, No. 102 Montgomery street, for the setting of a Stone, Brick and Iron Fence or Railing around the Fireman's Plot in Lane Mountain Cemetery. Plans and specifications to be seen as above. The Trustees reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

H. A. COBB, Chairman,
G. H. HOSSEFROSS,
JNO. C. LANE,
Trustees Cemetery S. F. F. D.

We are not joking when we announce the fact that the old subterranean practices of the Politician's School, have been introduced (not altogether successfully) into the Fire Department of this city, and old "King Caucus" fully installed.

It is patent to all that there are two sides in the Fire Department of this city; one portion of which rallies under the banner of James E. Nutman, and the other, that of P. E. R. Whitney. That portion representing the Nutman branch are somewhat in the majority in the Board of Delegates, but the leaders of that party, being shrewd and cautious, came to the conclusion that large bodies are sometimes unmanageable, and that the only way the various offices could be secured and clinched, would be by the caucus system, and insisting that all who entered into the alliance should abide by the action of the majority.

Well, the arrangements were made; but to and behold, when the time for the caucus came, it was found that a number of the friends of Mr. Nutman (to their honor be it said), refused to go into it and have nominations crammed down their throats, when the nominees might be obnoxious to them. There was a dilemma not anticipated, and it was impossible to tell which horn to take. It would not do to intimidate, because the men who refused to go into the caucus were not the kind to be frightened at trifles. They had minds of their own, and intended to act in accordance to the dictates of their own consciences.

The caucus was held, however, and Mr. Biden of Crescent 10, nominated for the Presidency; Mr. Whalen of No. 13, for the Secretaryship; Mr. Plum of No. 14, for the Treasurer'ship; the Department; and Messrs. Thibault, Haven and Haight nominated for Trustees of the Charitable Fund. The election came off on Wednesday last, as has already been announced, and it was found that all signs fail in dry weather. There being no candidates against Mr. Biden, and two Whitney votes, it being ruled out, on a pretended count (we say, pretended, because no papers were read and facts elicited in regard to the matter), he was elected; whereas had there been a full Board, there could have been no election for President, and in all probability Mr. Biden would have been defeated.

When it came to the election for Secretary, there was a clean bolt from the caucus nominee, Mr. Whalen, who was defeated by Mr. Flanagan of No. 1, by a majority of six votes.

Mr. Plum, the caucus nominee for Treasurer, was elected by the going over to him of Mr. Wilson of No. 8, a Whitney man, who became tired of balloting, and saw there was no other chance for an election. Had it not been decided beforehand to rule out (and unjustly so), the two Whitney votes from 8 and 9, Mr. Plum would have been badly beaten.

When the election for Trustees came off, the beauties of the caucus system became fully developed, when the Delegates from No. 5 refused to vote for Mr. Cutter, a prominent and deserving member of their own company, simply for the reason, they had pledged themselves to abide by the decision of the caucus; and Mr. Cutter was not one of the nominees of that body. But remarkable as it may appear, not a man nominated in caucus could have been elected, had it not been for the Whitney votes; with the exception of Mr. Thibault, whose entire vote, seventeen, was cast by the friends of Mr. Nutman.

Mr. Haven was elected by Whitney votes; six from that branch of the organization voting for him; those voting so for him, believing him to be just the man for the position. Had it not been for their vote, he would have been defeated, as the record will show.

Mr. Haight, the other caucus nominee, was badly beaten. Mr. Cutter received the unanimous vote of the entire Board; such a termination being brought about on account of the Whitney men refusing to give a good man sacrifice in such an underhand manner. It is useless to state that in fire politics Mr. Cutter has always been opposed to that side of the house. But they laid aside all party considerations in their zeal and interest in the Fire Department.

We detect and abhor this caucus system in the Department, knowing full well, that it cannot but have an injurious effect, but we are not at all afraid that it will be successful if the members of the Department are true to themselves, and we only cite the above facts, to show the deleterious effect it has already exerted.

We understand a caucus is to be held to nominate a candidate for Assistant Engineer and three Bell-Ringers, to be supported by the Nutman branch of the Department; the Whitney men have no candidate. There are already six candidates in the field for Assistant Engineer; there can be no swapping as in former times, and if the candidates go before a caucus, God help them; all but one must be thrown overboard, and as that pledge will be exacted to abide by the decision of the majority there will be weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. The same with the Bell-Ringers, but three out of the twenty candidates who will be put in nomination, can be elected.

Let those delegates who have friends running for the Assistant Engineer and Bell-Ringers, refuse to go into a caucus, and endeavor to elect their candidates on their merits, and not by forcing them on the Department. Our word for it, the caucus nominees for Assistant Engineer and Bell-Ringers will be beaten, and badly too, because the mass of the Firemen who think for themselves will submit to no such arbitrary dictation.

W. O. FARNSWORTH.—In alluding to the case of No. 9, last week, we intended to say, that in the whole matter, it did not appear that Mr. Farnsworth, the Secretary of the Department, had the slightest connection with it. This was our belief throughout the whole affair, and we so expressed ourselves last week. The result of the trial proves Mr. Farnsworth's innocence. Although Mr. F. may not possess the confidence that others have in his abilities as Secretary, yet we think he has, during his short term of office, proven himself to be an efficient and trustworthy officer.

IN TOWN.—We saw Rufus Shumaker, Esq., editor of the Nevada National, in town a few days since. We saw him but a moment, and he promised it should not be the last of him, but it was, and we consider his forgetfulness betokened very little sympathy on his part.

Board of Delegates

The old Board of Delegates met on Wednesday evening, Nov. 10th, in their Chambers, in the City Hall, at 7 o'clock.

Charles S. Biden, President pro tem, in the Chair.

The roll being called, twenty-two members answered to their names.

A number of the members were excused from paying fines, upon proper representations.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The reading of the testimony in the case of No. 9, was omitted.

Mr. Jones stated that the minutes of April 14 had not been approved by the Board. It was a meeting when a portion of the delegates withdrew and left the Board without a quorum; and he moved that those minutes be approved.

The Chair ruled the motion out of order, as it properly came up under the head of new business.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

Judiciary.—Mr. Jones, Chairman, reported that the printing of the laws was being pushed ahead rapidly. The cards were already in the hands of the Secretary, and the books would very shortly be ready. Report accepted.

Finance.—Mr. Hossefross, Chairman. No Report.

Rules.—Mr. Smith, Chairman. No Report.

Certificates.—Mr. Bartlett, Chairman. No Report.

Country.—Mr. Cobb, Chairman. No Report.

Charitable Fund.—Mr. Cobb, Chairman. Report that the Charitable Fund amounted to \$50,044; there being \$44,500 invested in Bond and mortgage; \$5,084.91 in the hands of Henry Haight, Treasurer; \$836.92 in the hands of E. L. Sullivan acting Treasurer; and \$1592.61 interest uncollected.

Mr. Jones wished to inquire whether the committee had looked into the matter of the funeral expenses of J. P. Ingalls being paid from the Charitable Fund, when he was not a member of the Department at the time, although represented to be so by Howard No. 3.

Mr. Cobb replied that the committee were not instructed to investigate the matter.

On motion the report was accepted and Committee discharged.

Mr. Jones renewed his motion, that the minutes of April 14th, be read.

Mr. Cobb called for the reading of the minutes.

Mr. Jones objected.

Mr. Cobb attempted to state his reasons for calling for the reading of the minutes, when the Chair ruled him out of order.

Upon a question, "shall the minutes be read," it was lost—the vote standing: ayes 11; nays 11.

Mr. Hossefross objected to having a vote of censure passed upon him for leaving the room, when he was permitted to do so by the President.

On a motion to adopt the minutes, the ayes and nays were taken with the following result:

Ayes.—Platt, Martin, Smith, Lake, Powell, Shaffer, Lane, Toomey, Devoe, Jones, Hayes, Whalen, Lynch, Plum, Bidden.—15.

Nays.—Rand, Crane, Lees, Hossefross, Chase, Wilson, Cobb, Bartlett.—8.

Messrs. Schulte, Kohlman, and Hudson were excused from voting by the Board.

The Chair refused to excuse them, but an appeal being taken, his decision was reversed by a vote of Ayes, 7; Nays, 15.

The Chair stated that there were a number of communications on his desk, and asked the pleasure of the Board in regard to them.

Mr. Jones moved that the communications in the hands of the Secretary, not acted on, be referred to the new Board.

Mr. Biden, the President pro tem, of the Board, briefly returned his thanks to the Board, for the general courtesy extended towards him, wished each and every member happiness and prosperity, and then declared the Board adjourned without date.

Immediately upon the dissolution of the old Board, Mr. Biden called upon the members elect to the new Board to be seated.

Mr. Jones suggested, that a committee on credentials be appointed.

Mr. Biden requested Mr. Fox of Pacific 8, to act as Sergeant-at-arms.

The Chair, with permission of the Board, then appointed Messrs. Jones, Toomey and Shaffer as a committee on credentials, who reported in favor of the following Delegates:

Empire No. 1 H. B. Platt, John Martin, Manhattan 2 T. J. Smith, W. A. Field, Howard 3 D. H. Rand, D. W. Crane, Knickerbocker 4 W. H. Shaffer, M. G. Searing, Monumental 5 W. H. Silverthorn, C. M. Chase, Volunteer 6 C. W. Freeman, Chas. Field, Pacific 7 S. J. N. Wilson, Vigilant 8 D. D. McClelland, Crescent 9 C. S. Biden, W. L. E. Flanagan, Columbus 10 J. A. Devoe, John Toomey, Pennsylvania 11 J. L. Jones, E. R. Hayes, Young America 12 J. C. Whalen, M. Lynch, Tiger 13 C. M. Plum, J. H. Schulte, St. Francis 14 L. G. W. Gibbs, J. P. Buckley, Lafayette 15 H. A. Cobb, T. A. Mitchell, Sansone 16 L. F. A. Bartlett, J. Sperry.

The committee further reported, that although the credentials of Mr. Lawrence of Pacific 8, was duly certified to by the Foreman and Secretary of No. 8, his seat was contested by Mr. Hassett; and the seat of Mr. Gray of No. 9, by Mr. Brueninghausen; and suggested that their report, with the exception of those contested, be accepted.

Mr. Chase moved, that those Delegates certified to the Board, be admitted during its preliminary organization.

The Chair first ruled the motion out of order, and then ruled it in again.

A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Jones, Wilson, Rand, and Chase took part.

The motion was lost, and the report of the committee adopted.

The roll of Delegates was then called, and the Delegates were each sworn and subscribed the oath.

Mr. Plum thought it would be well to read the communications from contestants, before going into an election for officers.

Mr. Jones objected, and gave his reasons. Mr. Jones stated, that the election be postponed until the seats of contestants were settled.

The Chair then stated, the next business in order would be the election of President for the ensuing year.

For Cobb.—Rand and Crane of No. 3; Lees of No. 4; Chase and Silverthorn of No. 6; McClelland of No. 8; Gibbs of H. and L. 1; Mitchell of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—10.

For Jones.—Cobb of H. and L. 1; 2.—1.

Mr. Jones was called to the Chair, and he having announced that Mr. Biden had received a majority of all the votes cast, and was duly elected President of the Fire Department for the ensuing year, Mr. Biden resumed his seat, and in a neat speech, thanked the Board for the honor.

The Board then went into an election for Secretary.

Mr. Martin of No. 1, nominated T. H. Flanagan of No. 1.

Mr. Tompkins of No. 4, nominated S. M. Johnston of No. 4.

Mr. Freeman of No. 7, nominated J. Whalen of No. 13.

Mr. Gibbs of H. and L. 1, nominated J. Ezekiel of H. and L. 1.

The roll being called, the following was the vote on the

First Ballot.

For Flanagan.—Platt and Martin of 1; Smith and Field of No. 2; Lees of 4; Chase and Silverthorn of 6; Wilson of 8; Toomey of 11; Cobb and Mitchell of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—13.

For John.—Tompkins of 4; Silverthorn of 6; Wilson of 8; Flanagan of 9; Buckley and Gibbs of H. and L. 1; Sperry of H. and L. 3.—13.

For Bartlett.—Smith and Field of 2; Rand and Crane of 3; Lees of 4; McClelland of 9; Cobb of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—13.

For Jones.—Smith and Field of 2; Rand and Crane of 3; Lees of 4; McClelland of 9; Cobb of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—13.

For Flanagan.—Platt and Martin of 1; Smith and Field of 2; Rand and Crane of 3; Lees of 4; Chase and Silverthorn of 6; Wilson of 8; Toomey of 11; Cobb and Mitchell of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—18.

For Whalen.—Shaffer and Searing of 5; Freeman and Field of 7; Flanagan of 9; Devoe of 11; Jones and Hayes of 12; Lynch of 13; Plum and Schulte of 14; President Bidden of 10.—12.

For John.—Tompkins of 4.—1.

For Flanagan.—Platt and Martin of 1; Smith and Field of 2; Rand and Crane of 3; Lees of 4; Chase and Silverthorn of 6; Wilson of 8; Toomey of 11; Cobb and Mitchell of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—18.

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The following was the result of the

First Ballot.

For Haven.—Platt and Martin of 1; Lees of 4; Shaffer and Searing of 5; Chase and Silverthorn of 6; Freeman and Field of 7; Wilson of 8; Toomey and Devoe of 11; Jones and Hayes of 12; Whalen and Lynch of 13; Plum and Schulte of 14; Cobb and Mitchell of H. and L. 2; President Bidden.—22.

For Thibault.—Platt and Martin, of 1; Field of 2; Shaffer and Searing of 5; Freeman and Fields, of 7; Elean; of 10; Toomey and Devoe, of 11; Jones and Hayes, of 12; Whalen and Lynch, of 13; Plum and Schulte of 14; President Bidden.—17.

For Haight.—Platt, of 1; Shaffer and Searing, of 5; Freeman and Fields, of 7; Devoe, of 11; Jones and Hayes, of 12; Whalen and Lynch, of 13; Plum and Schulte, of 14; President Bidden.—13.

For Cutter.—Lees and Tompkins, of 4; Silverthorn, of 6; Wilson, of 8; Elean; of 10; Toomey, of 11; Buckley and Gibbs of H. and L. 1; Cobb and Mitchell of H. and L. 2; Bartlett and Sperry of H. and L. 3.—12.

For Roberts.—Rand and Crane of 3; Tompkins of 4; Wilson of 8; McClelland of 9; Buckley and Gibbs of H. and L. 1; Sperry of H. and L. 3.—13.

For Boruck.—Smith and Field of 2; Chase and Silverthorn of 6; Wilson of 8; Gibbs of H. and L. 1; Cobb of H. and L. 2; Bartlett of H. and L. 3.—8.

For Truett.—Smith and Field of 2; Rand and Crane of 3; Lees of 4; McClelland of 9; Cobb of H. and L. 2.—7.

For Kent.—Smith of 2.—1.

For Cobb.—Rand of 3.—1.

Messrs. Haven and Thibault having received a majority of all the votes cast, were declared duly elected Trustees for the ensuing three years.

A ballot was then had for the remaining Trustee, when Mr. Cutter received every vote cast—22, and was declared unanimously elected.

Mr. Lees moved, that the Board proceed to draw for choice of seats. Lost on a division vote, Ayes, 12—Nays, 18.

The Chair appointed the following committees:

Judiciary.—Jones of No. 12; Freeman of No. 7; Shaffer of No. 5.

Certificates.—Smith of No. 2; Platt of No. 1; Bartlett of H. and L. 2; Buckley of H. and L. No. 13.

The report of Mr. Cobb, ex-Treasurer of the Board, was presented, and referred to the Finance Committee.

The Board then adjourned until the next regular meeting.

HENRY A. COBB.—The disgusting extremes to which party in the Fire Department sometimes goes was fully exemplified in the defeat of Mr. Cobb for the Presidency of the Department.

For five years Mr. Cobb held the position, and during the time performed the duties incumbent upon him, with honor, faithfulness, and strictness, and on several occasions, when demands were made upon the funds in the Treasury, advanced the Department from his private means, several hundred dollars, so that the progress of the Department might not be checked. But notwithstanding all this, the caucus nominee of the party in the majority in the Board, was forced upon the Department, rather than consume time in fruitless ballottings. We hope the Department at the end of the term may be as well satisfied with the new Treasurer as with the old; but we doubt it very strongly.

BOSS.—Notices have appeared in several of the daily papers, from parties who lost property at Vance's fire, thanking the Insurance Offices, who they have been insured, for paying the amount of their loss. To say the least, such notices are ridiculous, and some people are uncharitable enough to believe that the insured have had doubts as to policies being paid, and being mistaken, their joy must find vent in cards of thanks. People insure their property against fire because they expect to be re-imbursed the moment a just loss occurs, and a card thanking an insurance agent for doing just what he is paid to do, is all gas. Immense losses (in comparison to those at Vance's), have been paid by agents in this city, and not a word said in regard to the matter. The card system is rather a poor way to "blow" for an Insurance Office.

THE NEW SECRETARY.—Mr. Thomas H. Flanagan, the Secretary elect of the Department is a young man of sterling qualities. He has long been a resident of San Francisco, and popular among those who know him. He is every way competent for the position to which he has been elevated. Mr. F. is a member of Empire No. 1, and for a long time was Secretary of the company. We congratulate him on his election, and believe he will meet the approbation of the entire Department.

J. P. HAYES.—This gentleman was elected one of the Trustees of the Charitable Fund, by the Board of Delegates, on Wednesday. We think his selection one of the best made, and the flattering vote he received, independent of all combinations in the Board, highly complimentary to him. Mr. Hayes has always been an enthusiastic friend of the entire Department, and we are glad some slight return has been made him.

HOSE.—The first hose of the Independent National Guard will take place on Thursday evening Nov. 25th, at Musical Hall. The Guards intend giving a series of these entertainments, and they will be conducted in a style of great magnificence and splendor. The committee of arrangements has been selected with great care and with a view to capacity and success.

MONUMENTAL NO. 6.—The repairs on this engine are very nearly completed. She will be ready for the painter's hands as soon as No. 3 is finished. No. 6 will be painted blue, probably a little darker than her former color, and which would be a great addition to her looks. She will not be ready for service until spring.

KNICKERBOCKER NO. 5.—This company are having the roof of their engine house covered with asphaltum. The roof was covered about one year ago, but it has proved useless. The person now having the matter in hand, warrants his roofing to stand good for five years. The company are making the repairs at their own expense.

TIGER NO. 14.—The members of this company have nominated S. Gordon for the office of Assistant Engineer, at the next election.

MR. G. is young and active and would doubtless make a good officer. His nomination on the part of his company was unanimous.

NOMINATED.—Geo. W. McDonald of Pennsylvania Fire Co. No. 12, has been nominated for Assistant Engineer by Manhattan Engine Co. No. 2. Mr. McDonald had already been announced, and No. 2 has fully indorsed the nomination.

THE DAILY TIMES.—This paper has been enlarged and improved in a variety of ways—is well conducted and readable; and therefore a good newspaper.

"TELEGRAMS"—We make our bow; we owe you one, but don't hint on anything about it.

Letter from Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, Nov. 10, 1858.

Editor Fireman's Journal:—Owing to the extreme dullness of fire matters, I have deferred sending you a letter for several weeks; choosing rather to wait for something to "turn up," than to write columns of senseless twaddle as many do. Later in "fire talk" has become more and more excited in its tone, and decidedly more interesting.

The Department have been unusually busy during the past fortnight, and our excellent Chief has had every opportunity to display his executive qualities. He is a first-rate officer, and gives unqualified satisfaction.

The work of the incendiary has been prosecuted with unusual vigor, and not fruitlessly. About one dozen fires have occurred within the period of my last and present letter, and all have been ascertained to be the work of a well regulated set of thieves, who fire the houses and then rob their victims. At last, however, the entire gang have been detected, and are to-day in prison, to await their trials on various charges from petty larceny up. Their arrest will, in all probability, put an end to incendiary attempts and give the Department a little rest.

Confidence I have completed the repairs on their house, and I believe are now ready to receive their new apparatus, which is almost due.

Hook and Ladder 1 are really on their last legs, and although I am a friend of the company, I am compelled to reiterate the general sentiment that they are utterly worthless, as far as efficiency is concerned; and I am surprised that a few good firemen, who are members of the company, should jeopardize their reputation as such, by remaining on their roll.

Protection 2 are getting along as usual, and deserve credit for their unanimity of feeling on matters connected with the company.

The "Alerts" seem at present the only Hook and Ladder Company in town, but how so many excellent members of the Department can run with a load of poles and hooks, I cannot, for the life of me, see. Why sir, believe me the Hook and Ladder Companies, seldom, aye very seldom, take off necessarily, a single piece from the truck. Our frame buildings are generally so small, that the use of them is unequalled. By the way, I forgot to mention, that on the occasion of the large fire on the corner of Fifth and K streets, Hook and Ladder 1 rolled as far as the corner of Third and K streets, and being unable to get over the street crossing, remained there until after the fire; and on their return to the house there were only three members present.

The house of No. 4 has received a new floor, and been improved in a variety of ways.

The house of Young America 6 has been newly plastered and improved. The company are getting ready to receive their splendid new engine from the celebrated Rodgers & Son, of Baltimore. There is a great deal of talk already in regard to the capabilities of the engine for No. 1, and that of No. 6; and when both get here, there will undoubtedly be a playing match to test their superiority. The members of No. 6 compose a finely organized company, and under the lead of Syl. Marshall, are bound to go ahead.

Sacramento 3's boys have arranged and will give a grand ball on Thanksgiving evening, at the National Theatre. It will be the feature of the season. I understand more than half the number of tickets issued, have been disposed of already.

No particular change has taken place among the Neptunes. As they are only allowed by law twenty-five men, they cannot turn out such a large crowd as engine companies do; yet they are always on hand, and seldom fail to get a hydrant stream on a fire

WAS'N' HE...We are informed that Mr. Plum, of No. 14, was not in the caucus. If he was, it was because he was a candidate before it for the Treasurer of the Board of Delegates.

COLLEMAN, No. 11.—The engine of this company which has been laid up some time for repairs, is now in order again and in service.

SECRETARY.—Mr. Flanagan, Secretary elect of the Department, enters upon the discharge of his duties to-day.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER.—At a meeting of Tiger Engine Company No. 14, held on Monday evening, Nov. 18, S. S. GORDAN was nominated as a candidate for Assistant Engineer at the next election.

BELL RINGER.—The name of Thomas Jarrett, of Pacific Engine Company No. 8, is presented as a candidate for bell ringer at the next election of the Board of Delegates.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER.—The name of GEO. W. DONALDSON, of Pennsylvania Engine Co. No. 15, is presented as a candidate for the office of Assistant Engineer.

ASSISTANT ENGINEER.—The name of CORNELIUS WALSH, present Assistant Engineer, is presented as a candidate for reelection.

TELEGRAPH CARD.—The subscriber is pleased to add his testimony to the promptness and efficiency of the Fire Department of San Francisco, and feels much obliged to members for their generous aid in preserving his personal effects at the late fire. JNO. GUNN, no134

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, WASHINGTON ST., BET. MONTGOMERY AND ARABIAN.

SIXTH NIGHT

GREAT STARS

COMEDY AND BURLESQUE, THE SISTERS

Adelaide and Joey Gougenheim.

THIS EVENING, NOV. 13, will be presented the beautiful comedy entitled the

LOVE CHASE.

Costume..... Miss Joy Lydia

Prices of Admission: Dress Circle.....\$1 Parquette.....50c

THE LYCEUM

Corner Washington and Montgomery Streets

JOHN WILSON, PROPRIETOR

THIS MOST POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT

IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.

THE THREE GUARDSMEN

THE MYSTIC LETTER

THE INDEPENDENT NATIONAL GUARD

ON THANKSGIVING EVENING, NOV. 25th

THE SAN ANTONIO

MAIL LINE

WHICH HAS BEEN IN SUCCESSFUL

operation since July, 1897, are ticketing passengers

through to San Antonio, Texas, and also to intermediate

stations.

Passengers and Express matter forwarded in NEW

COACHES, drawn by six mules, over the entire length of

our line, excepting from San Diego to Fort Yuma, a dis-

tance of 180 miles, which we cross on muleback.

Passengers are provided with provisions during the trip,

except where the stops are at Public Houses along the

line, at which case the passengers are provided with their

own provisions, except where the stops are at Public Houses

along the line, at which case the passengers are provided

with their own provisions, except where the stops are at

Public Houses along the line, at which case the passen-

gers are provided with their own provisions, except where

the stops are at Public Houses along the line, at which

MISCELLANEOUS.

PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC

Telegraph Co.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ACT OF THE

LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA,

approved March 18th, 1898, and under the Constitution and

the general laws of the State of California, The Pacific

and Atlantic Telegraph Company have completed their

organization.

The Company propose to construct and put in operation

a line of Electro Magnetic Telegraph between the cities of

San Francisco and Los Angeles, via San Jose, Santa Cruz,

Monterey and other intermediate points, intersecting at

Los Angeles the Overland Mail Route from Memphis to

San Francisco.

They also propose to extend and complete immediately

a continuous line of Telegraph from Los Angeles to

San Antonio, in Texas, and connecting with the

various lines of Telegraph of the Eastern States, and also

to construct side lines, which will furnish facilities for

communication with the Principal Cities and Ports of Mexico.

The route proposed by this Company is deemed most

practicable than any other route across the Pacific.

The distance is several hundred miles shorter.

The wide line being in a southern latitude, will be con-

sistently free from the injurious effects of frost.

The frequency of Mail Stations and the constant travel

at all seasons of the year, will protect the line from inter-

ruption, and enable the Company to keep it always in

repair.

The friendly disposition of the Southern Indians, as com-

pared with that of the hostile tribes of the North, is another

strong inducement for adopting this route.

The books for subscription to the Stock are now open at

the BANKING HOUSE OF DAVIDSON, in SAN FRANCISCO,

where the Articles of Association of the Company may

be seen, and any information on the subject obtained.

SOLE AGENTS, SOLA SHARP,

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH, 100 N. CALIFORNIA ST.,

San Francisco, Sept. 13, 1898.

NOTICE.

To Railroad Companies, Mining

Companies, Ferrymen, Etc.

I TAKE THIS METHOD OF INFORMING

all who want Bricks, Plaster, Acoustics, Dams,

and all other building materials, that I am prepared to

take contracts, of any size, in any part of the State on the

most reasonable terms. My plan of building is better

adapted to the climate of California, than any other now

in use, as it can be built in long spans, thereby avoiding

MISCELLANEOUS.

P. WITBECK,

Carriage Maker

AND MANUFACTURER OF

Carriages, Buggies, Express and Lumber Wagons,

Drays, etc., etc.

SANSOME STREET - NEXT TO MACDONALD'S

A large assortment of CARRIAGE STOCK constantly on

hand, and for sale at the lowest Cash Price.

Repairing done in a workmanlike manner and warranted.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.

Carriages, Buggies and Wagons stored and sold on

commission.

M. M. LEWIS,

Pioneer

WATCH & JEWELRY STORE,

NO. 183 CLAY STREET.

HAS a large and desirable assortment of every descrip-

tion of JEWELRY, WATCHES of the best man-

ufacture, and all other articles pertaining to the trade.

Diamond and Spinel Work manufactured to order,

by skillful workmen.

Parties will do well to give me a call before purchasing

elsewhere, as I am selling thirty per cent cheaper than any

other house in California.

Don't forget the number, 183 Clay street, between Mont-

gomery and Kearny sts., opposite Court House.

GEO. C. JOHNSON

GEO. W. GIBBS

GEO. C. JOHNSON & CO.,

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

OF ALL

American and Foreign Iron, Steel, Brass, Copper, Lead,

and all other building materials, and all other articles

pertaining to the trade.

Parties will do well to give me a call before purchasing

elsewhere, as I am selling thirty per cent cheaper than any

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Don't forget the number, 183 Clay street, between Mont-

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pertaining to the trade.

Parties will do well to give me a call before purchasing

elsewhere, as I am selling thirty per cent cheaper than any

MISCELLANEOUS.

Northern Assurance Company

1, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON.

FOR FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Established in 1836.

Incorporated by Special Act of Parliament.

Capital, £1,250,000, or \$8,000,000

Annual Revenue Upwards of £100,000

Directors.

The Right Hon. Lord Evers, Chairman.

Geo. C. Anderson, Esq., Sir Thomas Fairfax, Esq.,

John Charles R. McRorie, Esq., William Westgarth, Esq.,

Medical Officer, DR. JEFFERSON

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON

Solicitors, MESSRS JOHNSTON, FARHAR & LUCH

Secretaries, A. P. FLETCHER

Vice Secretary, EDWARD FUCHS

THE 23rd ANNUAL MEETING OF THIS

Company was held on the 11th instant, when the fol-

lowing results of the business for the year ending 31st of

January last were submitted to the Proprietors and Policy

holders.

Fire Department.

Premiums for the year.....£101,200 13 6

After payment of all losses and expenses, and

provision for all outstanding claims, left to the credit of Profit

and Loss account.....£10,737 11 6

Life Department.

Premiums of 422 new Policies issued during

the year.....£9,250 0 0

Renewal Premiums and Interest.....£40,000 0 0

Total Revenue for the year.....£150,950 13 6

Claims during the year.....£24,494 12 4

Number of Policies current, 431—for capital

sums amounting to.....£1,077,732 11 2

Financial Position.

Amount of Accumulated funds.....£29,000 0 0

Revenue from all sources.....£184,064 13 6

The Dividend declared was at the former rate of 7 1/2

per cent, free of Income Tax.

Progress of the Company During the Past

Five Years.

Fire Department.

Life Department.

Financial Position.

Amount of Accumulated funds.

Revenue from all sources.

The Dividend declared was at the former rate of 7 1/2

per cent, free of Income Tax.

Progress of the Company During the Past

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN RODGERS & SON,

MANUFACTURERS OF

FIRE ENGINES,

No. 48 N. HIGH ST., BALTIMORE.

The undersigned are now engaged in manufacturing

Fire Engines with end or side stroke, adapted to different

localities. Horse Carriages constructed with two or four

wheels. Hook and Ladder Trucks, Hose and Ser-

vice Sucking Trucks, Trenches, Fire Buckets &c. Also

Fire Pumps, Steam Cocks or Valves of every size and most

approved construction, with other articles relating to Water

and Gas Works, Steam Engines and Machinery, surpassed

by none in efficiency and workmanship.—Second Hand

Apparatus for sale.

JOHN RODGERS & SON.

FOR SALE!

ONE FIRE ENGINE, WITH FOUR TEN INCH

Cylinders. Tires & Van Noy, builders, New York. In

perfect order and ready for service. She has Pine &

Hardwood boiler running gear. Accompanying her

are twenty feet of suction hose and two pipe lines.

Also, one Fire Engine of high cylinder. James Smith of

New York, builder. Wagon wheels day 30 foot through

1000 feet of hose. She is in perfect order and ready for

service.

The above can be seen by application to

F. R. WHITNEY, Chief Engineer.

FIRE ENGINE FOR SALE.

FOR SALE. The Side Stroke Engine now in use by

New York Engine Co. No. 14. Cylinders 7 1/2 by 9

inches. She is in perfect order and well calculated to do

excellent service. Apply to

GEO. REED, at Montgomery & Co's, San Francisco.

FIGEL & BRO'S

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

CLOTHING WAREHOUSE,

191 CLAY STREET.

PRICES REDUCED:

Shirts, Collars, Cravats,

Suits, Hosiery of all kinds,

Merino, Silk and Shaker Flannel,

Underwear and Drawers,

Carpet Bags, Trunks, Valises, etc., etc.

BOYS' CLOTHING

Of every description and the latest style. Also,

Boys' Shirts and Caps.

BRANCH,

EMPIRE BLOCK, MARYSVILLE

J33-1

MISCELLANEOUS.

QUINCY HALL,

A TRUE LIST

OF

OUR PRICES,

On Goods and Garments most in demand:

Coats.

Fine Black Brocade.....\$10 00

Good Business.....8 00

Heavy Sack and Frock Coat.....8 00

Heavy Pilot Jacket.....5 00

Frazer River Overcoat.....6 00

Pants.

Fine Black Doeskin.....5 00

Second quality do.....4 00

Best Cassimere.....3 50

Nice Sateen.....2 50

Second quality Sateen.....1 75

Vests.

Silk Velvet.....6 50

Plain, Figured and Fancy Silk (best).....5 50

Do do do do (2d qual).....3 00

Do do do do (3d do).....2 00

Black Cloth (best).....3 50

Nice Business Vests.....2 50

FURNISHING GOODS.

White Shirts, Davis & Jones' celebrated make.....2 00

Second quality White Shirts.....1 25

Marcellus Shirts (best).....2 00

do do (2d quality).....1 00

Super Undershirts (all wool).....1 50

Super Merino Undershirts.....1 00

Grey Merino Undershirts (best).....1 00

Grey Merino Undershirts (2d quality).....0 75

White Merino Drawers (best).....1 00

do do do (2d quality).....0 75

Excellent Wool Socks, country knit, per pair.....0 25

DAVIS & BOWERS,

QUINCY HALL,

149 and 151 Washington street

DAN'S OYSTER SALOON.

East side of Montgomery street,

Between Clay and Commercial streets, San Francisco.

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